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Both Marxism and radicalism, of least in England, eschew serious consideration of law as a system or as a social institution. They are more at home with a catalogue of injustices, than with a theory of justice, with bias and distortions of the legal process than with the nature and function of law, with the politics of the judiciary than with the role of legal traditions, techniques and values. Thus one of the very best Marxist books published in England in recent years, B. P. Thompson's *Whigs and Hunters*, a study of the origins of the 1723 Black Act against poaching, begins with a fundamental mistake—the belief that that Act is important in eighteenth-century legal history. It has no such importance; it is illuminating for nineteenth-century social and political history. It could have been repealed without any significant change in the structure of English law, though not in eighteenth-century English class attitudes.

An important item in eighteenth-century legal history, by contrast, is the development of genuine or at least better security of title, and of a sophisticated separation of interests in land and the consequent extension and abstraction of mortgageability, which helped to revolutionize both law and the economy. One could

and sociology have immeasurably deepened our understanding of the nature and functions of law through study of it in a wide range of social settings. Our increasing awareness of the problems and concerns of communist, socialist and developing societies has had the same effect. The proliferation of new legal areas, in the Common Law world and outside it, has produced new views of the function and appropriate procedures of law, as well as a new sense of its limitations. But the current emphasis on seeing law in context is to put all the weight on the context and to pay very little attention, if any, to the internal coherence and values of a legal system, of legal institutions, concepts and techniques or to the judiciary and the profession so closely associated with them, except to "expose" them.

The crisis is furthered by an unjustified current contempt for all Western traditions and Western achievements. At the same time, an active concern for concrete social equality, for the rights and benefits of the "underprivileged" is leading to a constant demand for more and more law-making activity directed to specific ill on a frankly discriminatory basis. We do now believe that there should be one law for the poor and another for the rich—substituting benevolent discrimination in law for the hard extra-legal inequality of concrete social life.

Without question, the new critical attitudes to law and legal ideals have done much to alleviate particular injustices and something to raise the critical standard of legal thinking and legal discussion. Law, in English-speaking countries, is no longer universally seen as an art, or more accurately as a craft or technique that makes no wider intellectual demands on its practitioners. In these countries it is now much more generally recognized, as it has long been on the continent of Europe, that law is a central field in social science, social administration, social thinking. Thus newer disciplines of anthropology

eighteenth and nineteenth centuries did to religion—showing that there were many religions, and that they were all made by men, reflecting different climates, periods, values and aspirations as well as much dastardliness and cynicism—the twentieth century is doing to law.

The rejection of traditional, external authority, of an authority of origins, was an important theme of Protestantism and then, more nakedly, of the French Enlightenment and the French Revolution. It has been followed more recently by a further rejection of the so-called "liberal" conception of the rule of law, of the authority, that is, of abstract and impersonal laws, elevated by nineteenth-century thinkers and societies. The call now is the "humanize" and "demythologize" law and legal relations, to make law a servant and not a master, to set up over it and against it the values and demands of "men", "society", "the people", or the "rational" pursuit of "rational" goals. Not "law and order", but "steering society", "promoting equality and community", planning for the future, providing scope for creativity, "self-expression" and the natural life, protecting the environment and averting ecological disaster are the popular catch-phrases of today. They represent and bear witness to a remarkable strengthening and increasing popularity of socialist and sociological critiques of law. These, of course, have a long

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Things the PR man forgot to say

By E. S. Turner

MILTON MOSKOWITZ, MICHAEL KATZ, ROBERT LEVERING: Everybody's Business An Almanac 916pp. Harper and Row. £12.95. 0 05 206262 X

The authors of this massive exercise in "irreverence" say they are out "not so much to mock" as to pierce the reclusiveness of American big business and point to what is really distinctive about each major company. If, despite the best intentions, much keeps sticking to the rake, and Company A is demonstrably a "mob-related" scold law, and Company B has errant directors sentenced to perform community work, and Company C is forced to hire an actress to apologize for a year on television for its false advertising claims, then so much more fun for the rest of us.

The book is everybody's business in the sense that it contains grist for the radical, the ecologist, the Third Worlder and the seeker-out of discrimination as well as valuable pointers for those who are keen to make a quick million or two without actually shutting the gates of mercy on mankind; it is ammunition for both friends and foes of multinationalism. It is a fine source for social historians. It is of service to the trend-spotters; it contains plots, murders, plots, for the novelist; it could tell the *Guinness Book of Records* a thing or two; it has treasures for the "did you know?" addict (did you know that Birdseye and Mars were real people?); and it even yields stories for the after-dinner speaker (like the one about Harry Cohn, of Columbia Pictures, who stormed at his college-educated writers for sprinkling the script of a thirteenth-century romance with "Yes, siree" - which turned out to be "Yes, siree").

More than 300 companies are featured, many of them no doubt unwillingly. Among them is the Nestlé colossus, though it is primarily a Swiss enterprise. One entry, at least, seems to have been included as a tease, in the way that Hilary Rubinstein inserted two or three fictitious establishments in his *Good Housekeeping*. The difference is that the *Harbour Freight Fuel Company* does exist, but is no more than an unremarkable filling station on Long Island, employing two full-time and two part-time workers, with annual profits of \$38,000. The dead-end account of it is sandwiched between entries on Gulf (profits: \$1.3 billion) and Mobil (\$2 billion). Perhaps this is where the editors and leading contributors (people like Kirk Kerkorian and Mitch Paradise) top up their tanks at weekends.

If the inclusion of this tidder suggests that the book is compiled by irresponsible *faucets*, the impression must be resisted. The wealth of hard facts and statistics is dazzling. America spends \$95 million annually on prepped corn. Resorts International runs the world's largest floating crap game. Firststone had the biggest ever tyre recall. Consolidated Foods took No 1 in pantyhose. General Mills is No 1 in Tupperware. And so on, for 900 pages.

The sub-headings to each entry include: "What They Do", "History", "Who Owns and Runs the Company", "Reputation", and "In the Public Eye". It is easy to see whether the company has any black or female directors and not too difficult to find firms which have cleverly combined the black and the female in one person. The first black director of American Express persuaded his board to discontinue loans to the South African Government. Hersey Foods employs a woman banker who was thirty-fifth Treasurer of the United States. The Nixon-linked Marriott Corporation has a director who wrote a manual instructing department heads how to shift Democrats into meaningless jobs.

Under "Reputation" are assessments, sometimes rather witty ones, like "Confidential is probably the most effective of the cardboard bread manufacturers" or "Standard Brands used to be known as 'dull'. Now they're just

regarded as confused" or "... the firemost killer among American coal mines in 1972 ... Consolidation's record for deaths is phenomenal ...".

"In The Public Eye" is where one reads about anti-discrimination suits (against Pepsi-Cola, *Reader's Digest* and the *Washington Post*, among others), violations of cease and desist orders, evasions of taxes and sanctions, questionable gifts, infringement actions and pollution wrangles. The record is not all negative. There are companies solemnly slogging away at "offensive action programmes" (in respect of hiring minorities) and doing all sorts of "neighbourly things", like buying and running sports teams. The Prudential right now has it in its power to decide whether to let the city of Newark die, or to do the neighbourly thing. Henry Ford II has been trying hard to save down-town Detroit.

There is a lives-of-the-saints fascination about the crisply summarized careers of the early go-getters like Gail Borden (the great condenser, who urged his pastor to condense his sermons), the Lutheran Heinz, the Menominee Hershey and the Seventh Day Adventist Kellogg. William Dmoforth, begetter of Purina High Octane Baby Pig Chow and Purina Horse Chow Checkers, was a strong Bible man who also believed in callisthenics for his workers. He died at eighty-two waiting for his own Christian Caroler to sing outside his door. How he would have despised today's young executives at McDonald's, who apparently lie on water-bedding think tank dreaming up things like Triple Ice Cream.

Harley Proctor, originator of Ivory Soap, hit on the word Ivory in church, while listening to the forty-fifth Psalm. However, the public were wary of Biblical tie-ups; they rejected Elijah's Manna when it was launched by Charles W. Post, but bought it when it was renamed Post Toasties.

Some of the most impressive material in these pages concerns attempts by companies to retain directors convicted in the courts. The firm of Fruehauf, trailer manufacturers, is described as "the only corporation in America whose chairman and president had to report to probation officers." Originally the two had been sentenced to gaol on tax evasion charges and had resigned, though their seats on the board were kept open. In a notice to shareholders the firm (profits: \$88.7 million) listed twenty-eight American executives convicted of crimes, of whom half had been kept on the strength, and argued that the two directors on probation should enjoy a like privilege. "While there is currently an increasing trend towards strict adherence to principles of public morality," wrote the company's special counsel, "it cannot be said that it must always override all other considerations." His realistic words clearly impressed the shareholders, for when a mother complained at a company meeting that leniency towards these offenders was setting the young a bad example she was overwhelmingly outvoted.

The makers of the Barbie doll, the

first doll with pronounced breasts, also had a brush with the law. Forty-one year sentences on two directors, a man and a woman, for juggling the accounts were committed to 500 hours of charitable work spread over five years. The woman director withdrew to start another business, still bosom-oriented. To promote her prosthetic breasts for mastication patients she would open her blouse to reporters and invite them, by feeling, to decide which breast was real. There are not many reference books which follow through with information like this.

Many of our own captains of industry could read *Everybody's Business* with advantage, not so much to learn how to subvert governments or move factories out of reach of the unions, but to see what sort of pronouncements a resolute and united board with the courage of its grievances can get away with. Which British insurance company will be the first to run an advertising campaign, like that of Aetna, attacking juries for awarding huge sums in malpractice and accident suits? Which chairman is ready to follow the Union Camp spokesman who told carping environmentalists: "It probably won't hurt mankind a whole hell of a lot in the long run if the whooping crane doesn't quite make it?"

Those who would flinch from saying such things would also presumably flinch from emulating the famous last stand by the boss of Montgomery Ward, who is shown in a splendid photograph being borne from his offices, smugly defiant. In a sort of fireman's lift by two GIs on the order of President Roosevelt for failing to settle a strike. The year: 1944.

The section on food, which includes foodless food, is pretty hypnotic stuff. A company scientist responsible for sauce mixes and gravy mixes also holds a patent for a shark repellent, possibly one of his flavouring failures. The artificial flavours injected into cheeses include "tarry repulsive", "choking" and - for the really sophisticated - "fecal". For the less sophisticated there is always Dawn Fresh gravy.

Is modern fodder good for us? We learn, without too much surprise, that a lawyer defending a man charged with double murder in San Francisco pleaded that his client's mental capacity had been diminished by "wolfing down junk food - Coke, Twinkies, doughnuts, candy bars." The man was acquitted of murder, but not of voluntary manslaughter. The author declines to pronounce on whether a well-known chain constitutes a "menacing fast food monoculture", while acquitting it on charges of putting ground worms in the hamburgers.

Although America may be an open society, many big corporations excel at protecting their privacy (books like this will hardly encourage them to lower their guard). The Engelhard Minerals Corporation is "undoubtedly the nation's largest company without a public relations department", but there seem to be other aspirants to the title. It is possible to sympathize with an old-fashioned company unwilling to

A photograph of Oscar Wilde by Sorany of New York, signed and inscribed to the American actress Clara Morris "from her sincere admirer", January 1882. Wilde knew Clara Morris by reputation and set her a copy of *Vera* or the Nihilists in 1882. He met her several times during his American visit and was angry for her to play in *Vera*, but she proved to be "difficult" and the idea came to nothing. The photograph is included in a collection of "Fine Books and Manuscripts" which is currently on exhibition at Sotheby Parkes Bent, 171 East 84 St, New York (until May 4) and will be sold by auction on Wednesday May 6.

bare its secrets to a reporter from *Mother Jones*, "the San Francisco progressive monthly". The Hallmark greeting card company has loyal employees who fend off reporters, knowing that only a "smart ass" piece will result. What lets companies down is the executive who talks too much. A marketing man told his audience: "Replacate, don't innovate. Someone else has gone and done your homework for you. They have taken the risk, the time and spent the dollars." The result was an infringement suit from a rival. A Heinz man had more sensible advice for the non-innovative: "In many ways the best way to get into new product development is to take over some other guy's idea by buying the company."

The entries are interspersed with lively magazine-type articles on freakish events in the annals of business; for example, the account of the trouble caused in the early days of Levi jeans

by a copper rivet at the crotch which became painfully hot when a cowboy knelt before a fire. There is a useful listing of the "top ten corporate forces", with 232 "alarms" between them, mostly belonging to the oil men.

The authors are alert for irony. They note that the most successful magazine in America is dedicated to the stimulation of the reading habit. Walter Annenberg's TV Guide, with a weekly sale of twenty million. They are suitably amused, as others were, that a meat packing company should have bought Living Brie. Rarely, however, do they initiate wisecracks; they would not, themselves, have likened the taste of Coca-Cola to "sucking the leg of a recently massaged athlete", but they will gratefully lift the comparison from its Italian source. While they note that for its early Timotee they resorted to people as silver-tipped, grooved, bald and bulging, our own Les Miles mused in "the twinkly-eyed Oakland muckraker": "Their prose can be admirably economical, as when they describe what the Union did at the Washington Post as 'trashing the newsroom'. It is the British reader's hard luck if he does not understand phrases like 'plentiful as popples' or 'unfamiliar with 'the Slim Jim' business' or is uncertain what a company is up to when it is 'heavily into casino skins'."

Mr Moskowitz and his crew have one villainous stylistic fault which springs from a decision to refer to companies as "they". The result is innumerable sentences like: "Campbell's Soup matches to a tune of their own; they even 'A plant that hasn't been able to manage their own business'. The publishers should have slipped a comma and a dash: order pit, his typists, and ensured that it was not violated.

And what is the reputation of Harper and Row, who have done such a good job of production for their old authors? It is that of a publisher of traditional publishing, though recently its board somehow said more than was sensible for Lippincott. Fortunately the firm is in no danger of going under.

Peter Scupham

Veneration made vulgar

By Jonathan Sumption

PETER BROWN: The Cult of the Saints Its Rise and Function in Latin Christianity 187pp. SCM Press. £6.95. 0 334 00285 0

The cult of saints, in one form or another, is a feature of almost every religion with a mass following. The great shrines of Mecca and Karbala are not the only Islamic shrines, although they may be the only reputable ones. At the margins of Jewish orthodoxy spiritual heroes have been venerated at their tombs, and among Christians, even Protestants are not immune. The Quaker leader George Fox, who died in 1691, drew few pilgrims to his shrine but he left a *Book of Miracles* recording more than a hundred and fifty marvellous facts for the edification of his followers.

Most Protestants have, however, implicitly endorsed the conclusion which David Hume reached two centuries ago that the cult of saints is a form of polytheism conditioned by the intellectual limitations of the masses: "the vulgar; that is, those who are not sufficiently enlightened to make a distinction of a few exceptions; Hume left by called them. Applying Hume's views to the early history of Christianity Edward Gibbon propounded a theory which has ever since held the field: the cult of saints, with its attendant prosopopey of feast-days, relics and pilgrimages, was a symptom of the corruption of the Christian Church which occurred when it sought, after the peace of Constantine, to become a mass religion. It found itself obliged to sink to the level of the least sensitive of its potential converts.

The imagination, which had been raised by a painful effort to the contemplation and worship of the Universal Cause, eagerly embraced such inferior objects of adoration as were more proportioned to its gross conceptions and imperfect faculties. The sublime and simple theology of the primitive Christians was gradually corrupted; sad, the monarchy of heaven, already clouded by metaphysical subtleties, was degraded by the introduction of a popular mythology, which tended to restore the reign of polytheism.

This passage is quoted by Peter Brown as a succinct statement of what he calls the "two tier model" of religious history, a model which this book is devoted to proving superficial and wrong.

I shall have something to say about Professor Brown's argument in a moment, but before finally leaving Gibbon, it has to be said that when stripped of its patronizing tone and florid overtones, his theory expresses one incontrovertible truth: the cult of the saints was not part of the spiritual baggage of the very early Christians. The earliest literary record of it is the account of the martyrdom of Polycarp of Smyrna in 156, which Eusebius reproduced in his *Ecclesiastical History*. Until the third century there is very little evidence that the cult was widespread and its full flowering dates from the beginning of the next. Even that pillar of Roman Catholic orthodoxy the *Dei Veritate* of Theologie Catholique is constrained to admit that the evidence of its early history is to be found in later tradition and may therefore be the contributor to disarming scepticism, be believed by modern historians.

After the cult had become established it took some time to become part of the scheme of Christian worship. In its infancy the veneration of the saints was confined to martyrs, martyrs of the local community, and even then the veneration was not universal. The veneration of the saints was not a universal phenomenon. The veneration of the saints was not a universal phenomenon. The veneration of the saints was not a universal phenomenon.

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The doctrine of intercession, which marks the point where veneration became worship, was substantially the creation of Origen and Cyprian of Carthage, both writing in the mid-third century. But the miracles which God performed through his saints (the ultimate extreme to which the doctrine of intercession went) did not become an important feature of Christian life until the period with which Professor Brown is principally concerned, the late fourth and fifth centuries, the age of Ambrose, Augustine and Paulinus of Nola.

Gibbon was right, then, to point out that the cult of the saints dates from a period when Christianity was rapidly expanding, and seeking to make itself attractive to more than the lower middle class of the eastern cities who had previously set the tone. The question is whether this was a coincidence. Although he does not actually say so, it is implicit in Professor Brown's account of the cult that it was.

Popular religion in late antiquity has to be studied at many removes. The sources have obvious limitations, and "the vulgar" hardly ever speak through them in their own words. Professor Brown is therefore obliged to found himself primarily on the literary and theological writings of the literate elite, who were not always particularly observant of the doings of their inferiors, nor particularly understanding of their thoughts. And the conclusion which these sources naturally suggest to him is that the love and veneration of "dead human beings" (as they are called throughout this book) was shared by the most educated, sensitive and intelligent members of the Christian community as well as by illiterate enthusiasts. Indeed Professor Brown suggests that the initiative was theirs.

That educated Christians wrote about the saints with genuine feeling is beyond question. The poems which Paulinus of Nola wrote in honour of St Felix are among the great monuments of Christian Latin poetry. Paulinus was a silly, superstitious man, but by no stretch of the imagination could this rich, cultivated nobleman who was converted in Gaul and ended his days as bishop of Nola, be numbered among Hume's "vulgar". Prudentius, the other notable poet of the early cult of saints, was plainly a man of considerable intellectual powers, who had been a successful barrister and civil servant. Indeed, the rituals of the cult of saints were derived from the manners and courtesies of aristocratic Roman society, and from its burial customs. These were things that men like Paulinus and Prudentius knew at first hand.

What Professor Brown proves by this is that the cult of saints has never been an exclusively proletarian affair. In their veneration of the saints the elite of the Church differed from the "vulgar" in the manner of expressing it, although not significantly in any other respect. But Professor Brown has not refuted Gibbon, because Gibbon was not suggesting that the "vulgar" had parted company with the elite. His point was that the "vulgar" had dragged the elite down to their level, and that the aristocratic language and ceremonies at the feasts of the saints were merely the icing on a very coarse cake.

There is an overwhelming body of evidence in favour of this view, of which the most interesting is perhaps to be found in the writings of Professor Brown's particular hero, St Augustine. Augustine's treatise *On the True Faith*, written in about 390, asserts that the age of miracles had passed, and some of his sermons against the Donatist heretics of North Africa are particularly scathing in their veneration of relics, particles of dust from the Holy Land and the like. Yet towards the end of his life there is a change: addressed to a crowd drawn to Hippo by just such a parcel of dust from the Holy Land, the last of two books of *The City of God* are filled with accounts of the miracles wrought in and around Hippo by the relics of St Stephen, children's

which Augustine relates with evident enthusiasm.

What had changed Augustine's mind was the success of popular heresies, particularly Donatism, in North Africa during the forty years which he spent at Hippo. In the twenty-second book of *The City of God* he was quite explicit about the reason for his new-found enthusiasm for miracles. They were dramatic demonstrations of the power of God to unbelievers; and to heretics also because they were wrought by relics preserved in Catholic churches in the custody of the Catholic clergy.

Augustine's devotion to St Stephen was much more than the personal, almost mystical devotion of Paulinus to St Felix. He was most anxious that the saint's miracles should receive the greatest possible publicity. He recorded them in writing, reported them in his sermons, and sharply rebuked a lady from Carthage who had been cured of a cancer by St Stephen but had kept the fact to herself. Like the miracles of Christ himself, the news of them was spread about "to work faith in men ... and induce the people to believe".

It is worth comparing this overt use of the cult of saints as an instrument of proselytization, with the rather similar techniques used two centuries later by the mission which Pope Gregory the Great sent to convert England, for, thanks to the survival of Gregory's letters and the work of Bede, this is probably the best documented Christian mission before the sixteenth century. Gregory, who was also on record (in his commentaries on St John) as saying that the age of miracles had passed, despatched relics from Rome for use in the new churches built by his missionaries, and was most urgent in his advice that they should convert men by their miracles. "Rejoice!", the pope wrote on hearing that King Ethelbert of Kent had been converted by the occurrence of daily miracles at his court: "the souls of the English have

been drawn by outward miracles to a state of inward grace."

A similar letter might have been written about the mission of St Boniface in Germany or the conversions worked by the relics of St Martin of Tours during the slow Christianization of Merovingian Gaul. Gregory of Tours, the shrine's greatest publicist, found it impossible to pass over in silence the fate of those pagans and heretics who doubt the miracles which God has wrought on earth to reinforce the faith of his people. They were struck down by the saint for their obstinacy.


It is fair to describe this as "descending to the market place", even if the descent is recorded in Latin as elevated as that of Augustine of Hippo or Gregory the Great. The interesting question is whether the leaders of the Church can fairly be accused of the cynical manipulation of popular enthusiasm. Undoubtedly they can in some cases. Perhaps the most celebrated example is the August fraud perpetrated by St Ambrose in Milan in 386 in "discovering" beneath the floor of his church at a particularly opportune moment in the struggle against the Arian heresy the bodies of two unknown "saints" Gervasius and Prothasius, a discovery which was followed by a powerful outbreak of popular religious enthusiasm not only in Milan. But what is remarkable about the descent into the market place was that in general it was not cynical. One cannot read early collections of the miracles of the saints without being struck by the plain sincerity of their authors in describing incidents which in some cases they claimed to have witnessed but which cannot possibly have occurred.

The explanation? An overpowering need in an age of chronic insecurity to live according to universally accepted conventions of belief; a desire to see an invisible and distant God in the daily workings of the

world; the ease with which enthusiasm is communicated by crowds; these are phenomena which our own age is ill-equipped to understand. The Church in late classical times and throughout the Middle Ages was more than a disseminator of doctrine. As an institution it was part of the social life of the Christian community and had to share that community's values. But it lacked the educational resources to instill other values in simple men than those which they had always held and their fathers before them. It could not impose from above the same degree of cultural homogeneity as schools and television have done in modern times. It took its values from the generosity of its members, who were zealous and illiterate, in short, "vulgar".

Professor Brown almost recognizes this when he emphasizes how important the cult of the saints was in the social functions of the Church, how far small communities were bound together by their common veneration of the local patron saints. But he fails to draw what would seem to be the obvious conclusion, that if Christianity had not become a popular religion and the Church a social institution, the cult of the saints would have had as restricted a place in its maturity as it had done in its earliest years.

Professor Brown's work is ingenious and stimulating, his arguments complicated and illustrated in characteristic style by the breathless citation of disparate examples. But it is based on the premise that popular religion in late antiquity was infinitely subtle and complicated, whereas in reality it was quite simple. What was infinitely subtle and complicated was not the cult itself but the process by which such superior spirits as Augustine of Hippo strained to incorporate it into their scheme of thinking without doing violence to their beliefs. The attempt was not wholly successful.



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250pp. The Women's Press. £2.95.
0 7043 38661

Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860-1935), a pioneer of the American women's movement (especially from the 1890s to about 1920), devoted much of her life to combating what she called "masculinism" and to opening the doors of perception for men as well as women. She was a courageous woman who triumphed, both personally and publicly, over all manner of difficulties and obstacles. After the First World War Mrs Gilman's socialist idealism, and commitment to liberty, equality, and fraternity, made her unfashionable in the US, and her work suffered increasing neglect until fifteen years ago when her most influential and much-translated book, *Women and Economics* (1898) was edited by Carl Dogler. Since then her achievement has been revealed, especially by her biographer and editor of the book under review, Ann J. Lane, and some of her work has been made available again, thanks to feminist publishers in New York and London. In 1979 The Women's Press brought out one of the futuristic novels, the utopian *Herland*.

Although she wrote seven novels, some short fiction, and a book of poems, Charlotte Perkins Gilman was not primarily a creative writer. In the twenty-five years after *Women and Economics*, she published a number of related books in which she analysed the position of women in society, combining the methods of the historian, sociologist, economist, and political philosopher. Most of her fiction, including six of her novels, first appeared in *The Fore-runner*, the monthly magazine she edited and also wrote virtually single-handed between 1909 and 1916. The exceptions are her final and still unpublished novel, *Unpublished*, written in her later years, and by far her most famous as well as her best work, "The Yellow Wallpaper" (1892). Partly as a result of William Dean Howells's admiration of it - he included it in his collection *The Great Modern American Stories* (1920) - it has become her standard pathology-piece.

The Women's Press has now issued a book, published in the US fifteen years ago, which is devoted entirely to Gilman's fiction. *The Charlotte Perkins Gilman Reader*. Such "readers" are standard fare on American campuses, but less familiar in Britain, where they rouse accusations of scrapbookism. The first half of *The Charlotte Perkins Gilman Reader* poses no problems; since it contains eleven of her stories including "The Yellow Wallpaper", but the second half contains excerpts from the seven novels, each of which is prefaced by an editorial note explaining the context. Having published *Herland* in 1978, it is not clear why the American publishers should now give space to an extract from it; but the real cause for complaint is the extraordinary blitheness resulting from this treatment of the

novels. The reader admittedly has a glimpse of all of them, and ends up with some idea of the variety of her fiction, but it would have been much more satisfactory to have included one complete novel rather than the extracts. There is also considerable overlap between Ann J. Lane's long introductory essay, "The Fictional World of Charlotte Perkins Gilman", and the prefatory notes to the excerpts.

What is obvious is that Charlotte Perkins Gilman's novels, whether realistic (like *The Mountain and Herland*) or utopianly fantastic (like *Moving the Mountain and Herland*), are a working-out of her ideas and theories in fictional form. Indeed, her sequel to *Herland*, *With Her in Ourland*, is little more than a series of dialogues with a minimum of narration and dramatic interplay. In the main extract from *What Diantha Did*, the eponymous and rebellious heroine, determined to free herself from her expected role at home, quantifies financially what her parents regard as her filial duty and presents her father with a bill for her household labour over the years. For Gilman, the Victorian concept of "duty" is a *bête noire*, enslaving both sexes (but especially women) and preventing a raising of consciousness. Her story, "Mr Peck's Hat", is about the stifling effect of duty on a marriage, and about the regeneration of the couple through the imaginative sympathy of a liberated woman who froes both husband and wife from their moribund relationship by changing their ideas.

Virtually all Mrs Gilman's stories, like her novels, are essentially attempts to give her philosophy human expression, and were conceived to make polemical points rather than to explore experience in depth. The rather melodramatic "The Widow's Might" deals with a newly-widowed, middle-aged woman who after a lifetime of duty and service finally asserts her independence to the amazement of her children. "Turned", also tending to melodrama, is about male duplicity and female

solidarity in the face of it; on discovering that her husband has made her servant pregnant, Mrs Marrow's first reaction is to dismiss the girl, but on second thoughts she realises that her husband has betrayed them both and she takes the girl's side, rejecting her husband completely. All this fictional work of 1909-16 was written at great speed and is not notable for verbal, formal, or psychological subtlety. Some of it is dated badly, some is heavy-handed, some is morally dubious; her wittier or fanciful vein, as in "When I Was a Witch" and "If I Were a Man", is more effective.

None of this work, however, is in the same class as "The Yellow Wallpaper". Written before her involvement in political and feminist activities, this chilling study of a woman's psychological disintegration, at a time when she is being treated by male experts in women's emotional disorders, contrasts markedly with the Fabian evolutionary optimism underlying her later work. This story draws heavily on Mrs Gilman's own experience during her first, unsatisfactory marriage and seems to be written out of her whole being, not out of her intellectual convictions. The taut, economical combination of the sustained symbolism and the sustained symbolism combine to make it an important literary achievement. It suggests that she could have turned out to be a fiction writer of considerable significance if she had not channelled most of her creative energy into the women's movement from the mid-1890s on.

The Yellow Wallpaper has also been published separately in the series of Virago Modern Classics (63pp. £1.50, 0 86088 201 3). The text of the story differs slightly from that in *The Charlotte Perkins Gilman Reader* and there is a substantial Afterword by Elaine R. Hodges. Gilman's note, "Why I Wrote 'The Yellow Wallpaper'", written in 1913 for *The Fore-runner*, is not included, whereas it is in the Reader.

Cupboard love

By Cara Chanteau

CONSTANCE HEAVEN:
The Wildlife Bird
248pp. Heinemann. £6.95.
0 434 32617 8

Catering as they both do for forms of fantasy, the historical and the romantic novel should be natural allies; but all too often, as in Asquith's fable of the earthwarrior and the brass pot, the partnership can prove a fatal one. In the search for authenticating detail the historical element can be contrived to the point of ludicrousness, or so palatably catalogued in trivia as to be laughable. Sometimes both.

Constance Heaven brings her heroine (named, in a paradox of inspiration, Juliet) from the Paris of La

Boulevard to seek refuge, following the murder of her father, with her aunt in London. A brief stay to Brussels Square provides the groundwork for the manifold intricacies of the plot. Including a meeting with the hero, who has just been contemplating the "new Houses of Parliament", and a grapple with her cousin's intended husband which precipitates the dispatch of her heroine clutching her uncle's present - a newly-bound copy of Mr Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop* - to Staffordshire from the "lovely little buston". Juliet is engaged by the beautiful but villainous Sybil Chatterley as secretary to her crippled husband Lord Chatterley (or Lady Chatterley), and it is convenient though not unexpected that Juliet, who the hero should be their neighbour, should be the heiress to the estate. Richard Chatterley, who is striving to save the family pottery from the excesses of his charming but imprudent cousin Philip, the scheming Sybil, and growing industrial unrest, in that order. Fate, working hard on his behalf, also makes him the new master of Wildcliffe, Juliet's old family home. Thus, with the aid of a few dynamic convolutions, misconstrued motives, a dash of social moralising, a workers' uprising, and a good cleansing bout of killing, wind it all up, the whole dovetailing with quotations, plundered from Shakespeare, the novel allows us to join up the dots.

The hero and the heroine never encounter each other without first regaling each other with the other's "treasure" - whether it be a diamond-encrusted mourning, a lilac lawn breeches, the procedure reaches its apogee when Juliet looks across at Sybil. She has the features, a good figure and her gown of coral silk fits her to perfection and yet I don't like her. This reliance on wardrobe as the ultimate criterion may perhaps account for the designation of such books as bodice-rippers. His hands tore at the low neck of her gown, thrusting greedily as her breast, "it was, of course, rescued by Richard", but then that's what one would expect from a hero who lived at Wildcliffe and called his horse Montague.

Clapham junctures

By Marigold Johnson

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON:
A Bonfire
191pp. Macmillan. £5.95.
0 333 31138 8

To be reminded that this is Pamela Hansford Johnson's eighteenth novel, and that she published her first in 1934 at the age of twenty-two, are useful pointers not only for the reader new to her work. There is no need, for instance, to wonder why *A Bonfire* reconstructs so affectionately the growing up from school to first love to marriage of a Clapham girl between 1924 and 1937. Nor should we snigger at the curious Author's Note stating that "the habits, customs and amusements of the middle-class young were different from those of today" - well, up to a point, Lord Copper; they were certainly more docile, except that Miss Hansford Johnson's heroine, Emma, is married for the third time at twenty-six and survives episodes just as bizarre as any likely to be experienced by a middle-class girl of 1981.

What is hard to detect - and is of course a tribute to the author's professionalism - is the blond of old snapshot and new purpose: on the surface a patchwork of odd snippets from diary and notebook, yet coalesced into a cautionary fiction which is clearly meant to bring a message for today. Emma's story overflows with documentation, almost like a vicarious memoir. Yet Miss Hansford Johnson's solid, panoramic novel *The Survival of the Fittest* is a much closer autobiographical record (the Clapham rebellious tomboy, nights of left-wing exultation, the drinking and talk of bohemian Chelsea), her *Six Proust Reconstructions* is more evocative, her published correspondence with Dylan Thomas more frank.

A Bonfire is an odd novel and its mix of romance, mystery and mundane fancy is finally less than satisfying. It is like a pot retold by a child who sees quite clearly a detailed pattern but hasn't been warned against starting sentences with "And then". But it has the same sort of direct appeal, plunging matter-of-factly into emotion and event with brisk and plangent language. Emma is full of innocent yearnings, wooed by fatherly love, the night of the Guy Fawkes party, which is also the night her mother Agnes has explained to her the meaning of adultery and Emma, aged fourteen, thinks she'd prefer being a nun. Can it be this chance but traumatic conjunction which leads to the poor girl's final conviction that her sexual gratifications, blessed or unblessed, have irretrievably destined her for "the everlasting bonfire"? Considering that Agnes, still pretty and later remarried prosperously (to everyone's relief), elucks more possessively over Emma than any Victorian matriarch, it says much for the author's faith in stoicism (and mistrust of Freudian theory) that Emma adjusts so equably to marriage and motherhood while martyred reproach is perpetually her chaponeer. Then Stephen, the devoted and impeccable husband, a book-clerk turned salesman, is accidentally killed and the desolate "physical longing" of the young widowhood, Emma picks up a bloodied and takes to churchgoing to appease her subsequent guilt. Alan, who becomes her next husband, is a tea-morchant and often asks what Emma thinks of "that chap Hitler"; she hasn't had time to take in politics, what with Mamma, little Paul, Stephen, physical longing, and working in the dress-shop to keep Nanny and learning how to make bread, pudding as good as Aunt Asia's used to be.

Then Alan's drinking becomes unbearable, and there is a gruesome end to marriage number two - little Paul died, in any case, never liked "Papa" as much as "Daddy". He does, however, take to Mark, the young admirer professing abject devotion to Emma while standing by for the boy's friend, eight, eating. Poor Alan, Emma, pregnant this time, boldly defies social disapproval then

laments her miscarriage - indeed, quomally reflecting that Paul, like herself, might prefer to remain an only child. For the security she is somehow missed, and the appearance, at least, of "a happy, united family, who marries Mark." She had not been a good girl and she had not had a happy life. The bonfire awaited her throwing up sparks as her father did to trample them down. Or was his punishment now? In this world?

Pamela Hansford Johnson's words have never been didactic, but her sense of the serious moral duty of the novelist, her concern with the consequences of sin, the torture of her conscience, the redemptive agony of guilt, are still observable even in the plethora of surface domestic detail. The cynic might comment that Emma had been less preoccupied with her own sins of the flesh - and with the wagging finger of suburban disapproval - she could not have complained of an unhappy life. Her innocent blinkers, boldly cast in 1936 when, "despite her own troubles, the events of the previous year had not left her unmoved" and she addresses envelopes pleading for "milk for Spain", are there to protect her against the greater sins of envy and pride, and the author clearly wants us to admire in Emma the grace and defiance of convention so lacking in her dreadful mother Agnes.

But what should we make of a bizarre exorcism on the day-to-day events here recounted? At several of the important junctures in her young life, Emma is sent nasty (though not very nasty) anonymous postcards suggesting that she and Mum are seducing females who deserve all the bad luck coming to them. We are never told to speculate as to whether the villain is sharp-tongued Miss Pimlico, a now old family friend given to saying far more or less everything is a waste, and even to "tushing" girlish good news; but no detective skill is needed to guess that her brusque and glib person conceals a heart of golden generosity. The final truth about the poison pen pal is a big disappointment, and seems extraordinarily irrelevant.

Gratuitous and trivial as much of the detail may seem, however, it is here that Miss Hansford Johnson's old and welcome flashes of wit and irony coalesce into the book. When Emma, aged sixteen, leaves for a penniless wave, "which meant being strong up the hair to a machine for three hours", her Aunt says, "Look at this curious darling, wanting from something or other, when they dress the American Stock Exchange crash. Miss Pimlico speculates whether 'all those men killing themselves, know it's a mortal sin'; on the baby's first visit to the seaside Nanny remarks that 'small boys always know just what to do, they throw stones at it.' It was nearly worth the platitudinous peddling to happen. oo Miss Hansford Johnson's dry wit, wise comments, whether culled from notebooks or coined for the character.

In Robin Cook's *Cuma* a young medical student discovered a spare part supermarket in the bowels of a hospital. In his latest novel, *Brain* (282pp. Macmillan, £5.95, 0 333 31508 1), even more sinister things are going on under this umbrella of government research. The plot more than carries the dead weight of the characters' blood-drinking. It is at the same time used to make a serious attack on medical indifference and ill-dram. And the message seems to be: if you go to a hospital in the States, check that your brain is still in the place where you come out.

Following their recent successful review of the "Lost Sales" syndrome in British bookshops, the Book Marketing Council and the Bookellers Association have set up a working party to investigate another aspect of book-buying habits. A pilot study on important buying which is felt to be an important part of the market is expected to be completed within the next three months. And if it is successful a main study of the impulse purchase will be commissioned, funded by the BAC, publishers and other book-selling groups.

On wings of prophecy

By Annette Lavers

PHILIPPE SOLLERS:
Paradis
Roman
254pp. Paris: Seuil.

Vison & New York
Entretiens avec David Hayman
243pp. Paris: Grasset.

What would a complete stranger to the Parisian literary scene make of the Philippe Sollers phenomenon? When he recently published two books (one, *Paradis*, a 254-page text without punctuation, paragraphs, chapters or visible development) challenging the traditional "novel", the other, *Vison & New York*, a series of conversations about Sollers's work and especially *Paradis* several periodicals tried to deal with the emergency by entrusting the reviewing to the nearest thing they could find to a complete stranger, someone like Voltaire's Huron, who was supposed to offer impartial comments on the state of European civilization. The noble savage typifies nature as a gleam in the eye of culture, and such abnormal strategies indicate the presence of interesting myths in both author and public.

These myths are an attempt to cope with a crisis of confidence which has its source in both Sollers's personality and his representative status as an intellectual. For some critics, the self-advertising they see as inherent in *Vison & New York* is all too reminiscent of his author's celebrated skill in handling a media-controlled culture. Others, not the staying power of *Le Quotidien* - a periodical which has increasingly come to reflect Sollers's own personality and changing tastes - which they attribute to particularly brazen execution of "logical about-turns. Although *Tel Quel*'s literary, from so early fascination with the Nouveau Roman and structuralism to a new post-1968 type of commitment, and finally to a disillusionment with Marxism, is far from unique among French intellectuals, his sympathies with the reader who may have been intermittent in his reading of the review and suddenly finds that in the meantime Moses has ousted him as the key reference there, his sound-bites about the role of writing in women's liberation have been picked up by enthusiastic disquisitions on the Virgin Mary, and invectives against the "éclat-muni" by starry-eyed descriptions of American capitalism (the *nouveau philosophes*, and especially Bernard-Henri Lévy, provide the "inter-text" or missing link).

The scandal lies, for many people, in the pervenience which makes Sollers express his views in a gratuitously polemical fashion, when a book like *Vison & New York* proves that he is perfectly capable of straightforward communication. Inevitably *Vison* is being seen as a guide-book to *Paradis*, which

is another exercise in narcissism; and Sollers himself bears some responsibility for this. At the time when critics like Roland Barthes were affirming the continuity between literary and critical discourse, Sollers was one of the first to denounce the new structuralist Establishment as a "retour des préjugés". This was a dangerous move to make since what most enemies of structuralism wish to replace it with is a cosy ethic of the "common reader", not the soaring simplicities of the epic poets and Biblical prophets who are Sollers's own ideal. Since surrealism the term "poetry" can be applied to all forms of expression, covering an immense spectrum which stretches from concept to image and even subsumes our notion of daily life, but there is still, it seems, a hankering after the figure of the great writer, the novelist, seen no longer as storyteller but as the mystic who enjoys solo access to truth (hence the description of *Paradis* as a novel).

What the critics find it hard to cope with, in short, is their uncertainty about the modern writer's image in relation to his chosen literary forms, as well as the unsettling mixture of knowledge and the vulnerability which is the concomitant of sincerity. For there can be no doubt about Sollers's fidelity to his metaphysical source of inspiration, or

even to his favourite literary devices. Metaphysics, in his dualistic view of the universe, is "anti-matter in motion"; the writer must attune himself to this by attempting to "pulverize language" and attain the philosopher's stone: the union of sound with sense which seems to have been the object of Saussure's research on aagrams and is sometimes likened to the *spökte*, a notion found in Indian linguistics.

Rhythm is the key, hence the alliterations, accumulations, swift allusiveness, crypto-quotations and punning contractions which were already present in Sollers's previous works, although *Paradis* is more meditative than the highly structured *Novembre* (1968) and the alluring *Les* (1972). No typographical devices are allowed to interfere with this rhythm, yet even if *Paradis* is described as a book sans everything, what strikes one as a potential reader is its positive attempt to repulse entry. Yet, no better proof could be found of the modern reader's addition to his own social programming, for plunge in *medius res* into this forbidding text and it proves instantly readable.

The real difficulty with Sollers may well lie elsewhere, in the "vision" conveyed equally by both books. The waning of historical rationality has fil-

led him with an obsessive sexual and social pessimism which were already present in his mentors, Freud and Lacan. These elder sisters who are shown, in *Vison*, whispering late into the night, never suspected that young Philippe's feeling of exclusion would blossom into a conversion to the Gnostic view which accounts for the hotbed character of creation by attributing to the Mother who wants to be the equal of the Father, Freud, says Sollers, perceived this too when he heard in the subject's discourse the "insistence" of a "little bang" which echoes the "big bang" - the primal scene of the universe. Sollers comprises unfavourably the stolid stability of the female (or feminist) emblem with the optimistic activism of the male, and takes it to be an attempt to subvert the rightful metaphysical hierarchy which assigns to the Christism cross the domination of the earth and the Great Mother.

Sollers's work has the merit of spelling out, and providing a metaphysical underpinning for what remains simply as a postulate in the writings of many modern theorists of sex, text and society. That these two books often read like a persistent delusion will, I hope, be taken as praise of them; in their different ways, they often show great political facility and a compelling mixture of passion and humour. The vision

they convey has a genuine grandeur, even if its effects are bound to be oppressive to whole categories of mankind. To write, for Sollers, is "to come out of Egypt", in essence the world of the prophets against that of "polytheism", to step off the treadmill of sex and reproduction thanks to which women hope to harness the spirit to the inferior categories of the stable and the useful. Nor do homosexuals who challenge Sollers's sexual order fare much better. Special significance is placed on the Jews because "they are the only people who are not at home"; "France profonde" which is the *bête noire* of both Sollers and B.-H. Lévy, but it will be news all the same to the millions of "displeased persons" throughout the world, earnestly trying to sort out their passport difficulties.

Rather than myriads of acrotichs causing dismay to literary outsiders, Sollers's books rather evoke the work of earlier French authors saturated with culture: of André Malraux (who saved Sollers from the Algerian war) or better perhaps of La Fontaine, with his sexual and cosmic puritanism and his historical parodies. Time alone will tell whether *Paradis*, a purportedly "interminable" work, is a psychoanalysis of our times, or only of its author.

Contracts and contradictions

By John Cruickshank

HENRI GUILLEMIN:
Charles Péguy
509pp. Paris: Seuil.
2 02 005754 9

Péguy's ideas have tended to attract extreme forms of critical response. He is generally seen either as a patriot, mystic and saint in the uniquely French tradition of Joan of Arc, or as a renegade who betrayed his socialist ideals to become a strident nationalist, an intellectual reactionary and a religious obscurantist. The author of this latest book on Péguy, Henri Guillemin, is well known as an abrasive critic who in the past has written polemical and iconoclastic studies of various French writers, including Constant, Victor and Hugo. He has been working on Péguy for about twenty years and has consulted a large number of those who knew Péguy in the early years of this century.

This coming together of Guillemin and Péguy was bound to have a controversial result and Péguy emerges badly from this latest portrait both as a writer and as a human being. Guillemin is quite conscious of what he is doing and writes in the preface that he expects his insistence on truth to be interpreted as malevolence,

hated and a mania for denigration. As always he impresses by the range and detail of his documentation: he obviously knows Péguy's writing extremely well. Nevertheless, one may doubt whether Guillemin's judgments are quite as soundly supported as at first appears. A recurring feature of the book is the way in which he quotes a sentence or two directly from Péguy, continues with his own paraphrase of the next sentence in Péguy's text, and then once again quotes directly a closing passage. These paraphrases mean that Péguy is prevented - either consciously or unconsciously on Guillemin's part - from speaking strictly in his own terms, and some of what he wrote is almost inevitably given a misleading emphasis as a result. Again, a number of Guillemin's judgments are rightly qualified at first with a "sans doute" or a "peut-être" but are later repeated without qualification. Guillemin, finally, is sometimes so outraged by judgments and opinions with which he disagrees that he is tempted into a counter-extremism. The result is a book which is lively and stimulating (and often very informative) yet which needs to be treated with a considerable caution.

In an early chapter dealing with Péguy's early a number of damaging points are made. We are given examples of affectation, exaggeration, clumsy irony and humour, and general literary tastelessness and vulgarity. Not surprisingly, Guillemin is

particularly dismissive towards attempts to defend Péguy's characteristic use of repetitions and refrains, particularly in his poetry, and one has some sympathy with the complaint that "le lecteur le plus résigné s'impatiente, dans le sentiment qu'il n'envisage d'être considéré par l'auteur comme un minus à qui l'on doit répéter vingt fois la même chose pour qu'elle se fraie enfin passage dans son intelligence obstruée". At the same time, Guillemin concedes a distinctive, personal quality in Péguy's prose and admires his observant eye, his descriptive gifts and his ability to formulate memorable phrases and maxims.

As regards Péguy the man, his contacts with his contemporaries occupy a large part of the book. His relations with Jaures and with Lucien Herr are analysed in considerable detail, while there is also fairly lengthy discussion of his friendships with Romain Rolland, Jacques Maritain, Ernest Renan, Bergson, Bernard Lazare, Sorel, Edouard Bellet, Julien Benda, etc. We have no right to expect, of course, that a major writer will necessarily be a perfect human being and in many of these cases Péguy comes off very badly according to Guillemin's account. He emerges as intolerant, suspicious, jealous, incontinent, personally ambitious and inclined, on occasion, to bully and bluster. Many of his friendships broke up on his initiative, yet some - for example that with Benda - remained impressively strong and resilient. Guillemin, reflecting on what he thinks to be the fragility of friendship, points out nevertheless that Péguy remained on friendly terms with a large, if less distinguished, list of contemporaries.

On the subject of what he calls Péguy's political "trajectory", Guillemin is perhaps most critical. He approaches his subject from a very positively secular and left-wing standpoint, and indeed as early as his first chapter he shows much sympathy for the view that Péguy must properly be identified with the political right - even with the fascist right. The "trajectory" in question has to do with Péguy's movement from youthful militarism and nationalism through a period of vigorous socialism around the age of twenty-five, to what Guillemin describes as his "counter-conversion" to militarism, nationalism, anti-modernism and a revised account of the Dreyfus affair - a similar interpretation of Péguy's intellectual evolution caused Simone de Beauvoir to speak of him as having exchanged the role of Antagonist for that of Cron.

There are two things which need

to be said about this. In the first place, an actual reading of what Péguy wrote shows that the image of a linear development in his thought is a gross oversimplification. Secondly, his concurrent and complex religious struggles need to be understood with some subtlety if he is to be properly judged. Guillemin appears to be temperamentally incapable of the latter task, although he does have some sense of Péguy's complexity and does not always dismiss it as contradiction. He even promises to investigate what he rightly calls "ambigu, disjoint, Péguy, avec d'étranges soubresauts", but largely fails to do so. He shows little awareness of what Conor Cruise O'Brien called Péguy's habit of ideologizing "Christianity with the truth of the instincts and the secret ancestral alliance of the mind".

In general it seems a mistake to pre-empt Péguy's "trajectory" in strictly sequential terms. On the contrary, he adopted a plurality of views at any given moment. He often appeared, at one and the same time, to be a patriot and an internationalist, a republican and a reactionary, an anti-clerical and a devout Catholic. Romain Rolland writes of him as a man "qui pratiquait avec bonheur le pluralisme du moi". He did so all the more strongly because he found it impossible to remain on the axis of truth while adhering exclusively to one set of values or one dogmatic system. This is an interpretation of Péguy's alleged apostasy which seems to fit the writing but which Guillemin fails to consider. Similarly he fails to respond to Péguy's claim, made in connection with Bergson, that "une grande philosophie n'est pas celle qui prononce des jugements définitifs... c'est celle qui introduit une inquiétude". As a result, his summing-up chapter on Péguy is incoherent and disappointing.

The main "disquiet" created by Péguy's thought arises from his conviction that, even in an agnostic, post-Christian culture, the fundamental problems of human beings remain basically spiritual. Because this is so, no amount of "political ingenuity, social engineering or scientific knowledge" will remove them. Hence Péguy's attacks on materialism and his scepticism concerning sociology. To hold that the effects of modernity (of the new social sciences in which as of the religious exact sciences) "was to leave untouched the immense problems and dilemmas of man without God. The most they could do was to give a new configuration to old difficulties which they therefore tended to conceal but failed to resolve.

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John Cruickshank

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If Goschen cannot reasonably be held responsible for German misunderstanding about the extent of British military and moral commitments in the Entente, the July-August 1914, edition does show any unusual initiative. His diary shows a competent public servant overtaken by events beyond his grasp. As A. J. P. Taylor wrote of von Jagow, Goschen was "a routine diplomat", nothing more. Much the most interesting part of this splendidly edited document is Professor Howard's introduction, which fills major gaps in the diary by recourse to materials in the Foreign Office papers and the royal archives. Here we are offered illuminating insights into the world crisis by a later historian, which the contemporaries could not participate directly to provide. The twentieth century has often deconstructed in the Lohde series; medievalism predominates. At least the skill of the editor has ensured that the representative

